

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL!"

ORGANIZE RIGHT

ORGANIZE YOUR MIGHT

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EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

Industrial Worker

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SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1911.

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AGITATE—EDUCATE—ORGANIZE—FIGHT FOR THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

TO ARMS, YE BRAVES

AN APPEAL FROM THE I. W. W. BRIGADE IN MEXICO.

Tia Juana, Mexico, May 24, 1911.

To all Members of the I. W. W. and to all other Radicals.

Fellow Workers:—It is now about five months ago since the I. W. W. boys hoisted the red flag over Mexico, and since that time victory after victory has crowned our efforts to make the revolution in Lower California a real revolution for Emancipation and Industrial Freedom of the working class. So far only a few of the I. W. W. boys have been killed and the revolution has been only supported by Mexicans and American members of the Liberal Junta, and the members of the I. W. W. locals down here in California, and right now about half of the 250 insurgents here in Tia Juana are members of the I. W. W. But, fellow workers, this revolution has just started and for to carry it to a successful end more men and also more money is needed, for to buy more guns and ammunition. Reds are coming and joining every day, and we are short of guns and that is the most important matter right now. And so, fellow workers, this letter is sent out for the purpose to give you a true account of how things really are here in Tia Juana. We have plenty of horses, cattle and provisions—enough to feed a thousand men for many months and you bet we are not living on coffee and doughnuts either, but living on the fat of the (what used to be) the Otis and other Ranches. We cannot see why you fellows will stand for coffee and in the good "old U. S. A." while we, your fellow workers are living high and keeping the Red Flag flying here in our country as you see. We have got a Utopia down here. We do not work, and we don't get pulled for vags either. We drill half an hour daily so that we will be able to plug the federals full of holes when they have recovered enough to show up again. Now, fellows, this Lower California is a very nice country to have control of. It's not too hot here and it is also a very rich country in metals and otherwise, and if you fellow workers back us up with men and money we will surely take this country and will be able in various ways to help organization work in the U. S. A. So, fellows, stop looking for a master; stop counting the ties; stop gazing at the Job Sign, and take the first train and come down here. Here there are no bosses and you the FREE. Also tell other Radicals to come as we want nobody else. Hold meetings, read this letter, collect money and come. Don't believe the Capitalist papers when they tell you there is peace in Mexico because Diaz has resigned. There will never be peace in Mexico until the Red Flag flies over the working man's country and Capitalism shall have been overthrown.

Act at once and let us know if you can help us out with money and men.

F. G. PETERSON,
JACK PHELAN,
FRANCISCO MARTINEZ,
For the I. W. W. Brigade.
RICARDO FLORES MAGON,
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA,
ANTONIO DE P. ARUJO,
LIBRADO RIVERA,
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON;
For Liberal Junta.

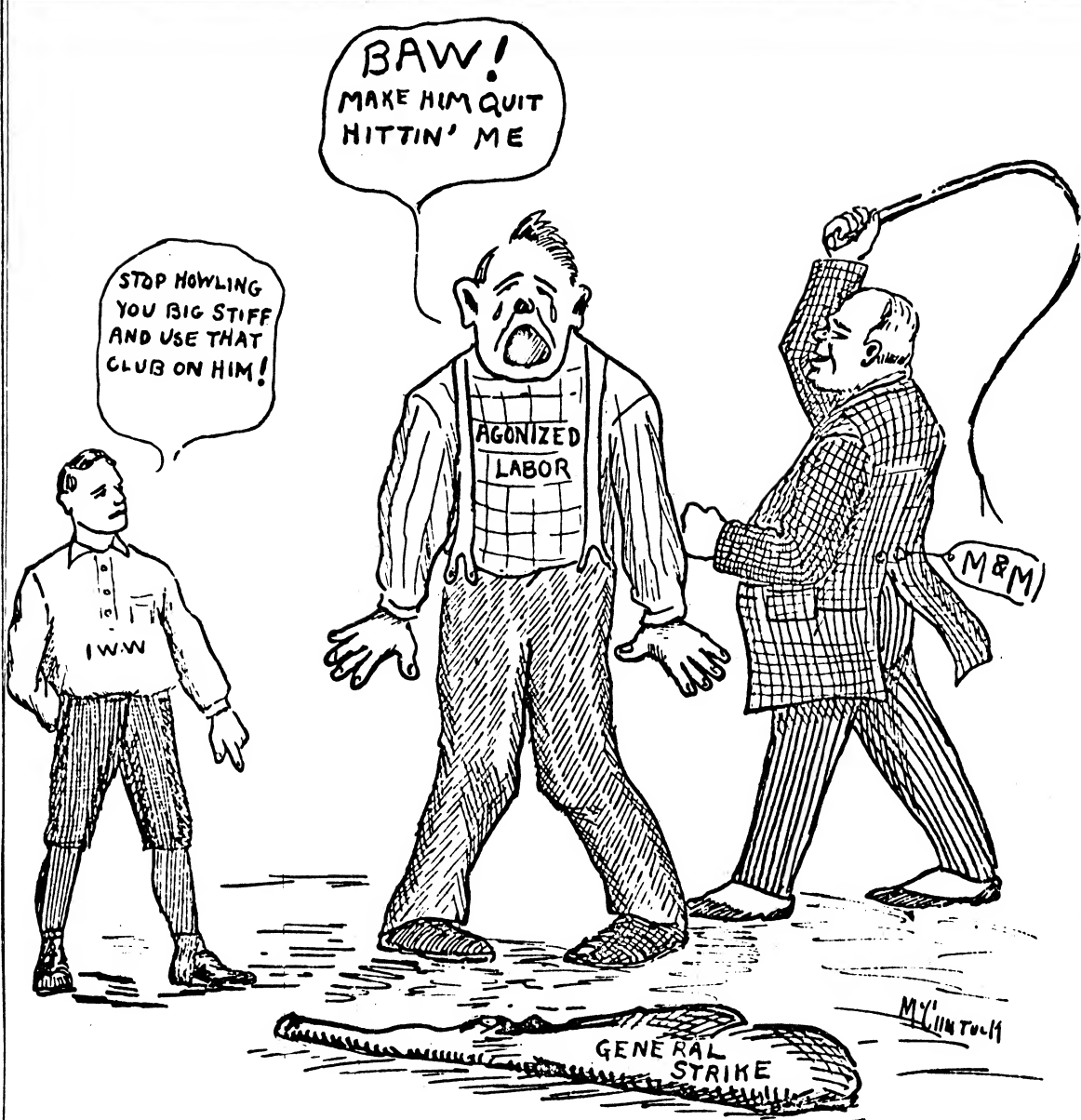
Address all communications to F. G. Peterson, 519 1/2 E. Fourth street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ONLY ONE I. W. W.

There is only one I. W. W. in America. Any person or persons claiming to represent the I. W. W. and do not have credentials signed by Vincent St. John, General Secretary of the I. W. W., and W. E. Trautmann, General Organizer of the I. W. W., are imposters. The head office of the I. W. W. is located at 518 Cambridge Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Beware of fakirs who try to discourage the workers by telling them that there is no hope this side of the grave.

Are you agitating for the eight-hour day in May, 1912? Some old lobster in New York says it is no good, but do YOU think eight hours better than 10. Only the slave knows. Petty grafters that never did a day's work in their lives are not expected to know the difference between eight hours' hard work and 10.

Do you subscribe for the "Industrial Worker"? This is a cordial invitation for you to do so.



LOS ANGELES

TELEGRAM

To Industrial Worker, Spokane, Wash.

Vancouver, B. C., June 5th, 1911.

Vancouver in throes of a General Strike. Chinese carpenters are striking and craft bricklayers working. Monster mass meeting held Saturday night; 5,000 present. I got the floor and explained that I. W. W. would and must assist in every strike against the boss. I explained how to strike by giving no notice, call of every workers, and refuse to haul or feed scabs or troops. Explained Swedish general strike and strikes in France, Sabotage, fallacy of politics, power on the job and how to get the eight-hour day by refusing to work longer. One great Industrial Union taken with great applause and enthusiasm. Notify all workers to keep away from Vancouver, B. C.

JOS. S. BISCOAY.

HOW POLITICALISM WORKS IN GERMANY

A SOCIALIST FUNERAL—"RESPECTABLE" SOCIALIST POLITICIANS KEEP SLAVES OUT OF PROCESSION.

Comrade Borgmann, a member of the Reichstag, died a week ago. He was buried today. Thousands of Socialists turned out to his funeral. I have no idea how many there were of them, but there must have been towards 20,000. To one who has been taught to consider the German movement as the very acme of revolutionary endeavor, the demonstration was a disappointment. In many respects it was even tamer than an A. F. of L. affair. The most striking feature of it was the costumes of the demonstrators, plug hats—the real stove pipes—and "Jesus Christ coats"—you know the kind the "pawson" wears on Sunday—were the prevailing modes. I should judge that 90 per cent wore this "proletarian" makeup. (Here was where my Parisian critic got sore). I call the wearers "demonstrators," perhaps they were workers—I don't know—but one would never guess them to be so from their clothes or manner, and least of all would one guess them to be revolutionists. It is true a few wore red ribbons, but these were aids or corporals or

something of that nature and had charge of keeping order. I suppose the balance were forbidden to wear red, as the S. D. systematically suppresses all demonstrations that tend to arouse the ill will of the "sleeping" bourgeoisie tiger.

The tactics of these revolutionists seemed strange. The sidewalks were densely packed with people, so much so that they overflowed into the streets and streamed along abreast of the cortege. As these spectators were mostly workers, I thought they would be invited to fall in line, as would have occurred in even an American Federation of Labor demonstration, but no, the S. D. was out in its glad rags. The influx of the poorly dressed workers would have ruined the revolutionary effect of the plug hats and "go to hell" coats. It might even have exposed the S. D. to the unjust accusation that it is composed of the despised "lumpenproletariat." And as one of the ideals of the S. D. is to be "respectable," every effort was made to keep the procession clear of the contaminating poorer dressed element. This task fell on the aids, or ribbon bedecked ones, as the S. D. in Berlin has such a peaceful reputation that the streets were bare of policemen.

The well dressed Socialists in line poured broadsides of slurs and hints into the poorer dressed Socialists (nearly everybody is a Socialist in Berlin) along side to induce them to crowd back onto the sidewalk.

And so it went on during the two hours' march to the cemetery. Here occurred an incident or series of incidents that seemed to me to be entitled to the proverbial biscuit. Five hundred yards from the entrance to the cemetery we—the "lumpen" part of us—were met by about 200 rebels (?) with "aid" badges on their arms and we were all shoved over onto the off side of the street. I didn't quite savor this proposition at first, but as we came closer to the cemetery entrance it became clear. Our side of the street ran off into a sort of "cul de sac," while the other went on to the cemetery. At the strategic point that we—the lumpen ditched element—had to round in order to reach the cemetery entrance, there was stationed another large detachment of plug hat rebels who kept us at bay. I saw only one uniformed policeman in the bunch. Here we stood while the inviolate Socialist

(Continued on Page Four.)

GURLY FLYNN ARRESTED

PREVENTED FROM SPEAKING TO BALDWIN MEN—IS JERKED FROM BOX—HELD UNDER \$400 BAIL—FREE SPEECH TEST CASE TO BE MADE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 26.—Free speech and free assemblage has again been attacked in Philadelphia. It was too threatening to the capitalist order to permit a woman, a mere girl, to tell the slaves of the Baldwin Locomotive Works the message of Socialism and labor organization.

This feeling was shown today at noon by the bosses of the Baldwin concern when their lackays, the police, jerked Elizabeth Gurly Flynn, organizer of the I. W. W., off a soap box on the corner of 15th and Buttonwood streets while she was addressing a crowd of workers.

Miss Flynn was hustled off to the police station where, after several hours waiting, she was given a hearing. The charges against her are obstructing the highway and breach of the peace.

When the hearing was finally given, Police Magistrate Scott expressed himself bitterly against the accused. He said he was opposed to "outside agitators coming into the city and disturbing the peace."

Miss Flynn told the magistrate that she intended to stand for her rights of free speech. She asked for a jury trial and it was granted. She was held under \$400 bail.

Workers Will Support Fight.

A test case will be made of it, and many Socialists and I. W. W. men have pledged themselves to stand behind her.

There never was a more outrageous trampling on the rights of free speech and free assemblage in the dust than in the case of Miss Flynn. A squad of police officers appeared on the scene at the stroke of noon. They were there to see that the workers in the Baldwin shops were not to be spoken to, and they said no meeting would be allowed.

These cops were asked if this order covered all streets and corners, and they boldly declared that it took in the entire district.

The police made no bones about their mission. They were there to look after the interests of the owners of the Baldwin works. The message of organization was not to be delivered to that concern's employees.

Sergeant Pierson, one of the men who made the arrest, stated on the witness stand that the superintendent of the Baldwin works objected to the meeting, and that was sufficient to rush the woman, who was delivering the message to the workers, into a patrol wagon.

The excuse made by the superintendent, according to this cop, was that the employees had only forty-five minutes to eat their lunch, and they would not get back to the shops in time to be at their work when the hour struck again, if they stood and listened to the speaker.

There was nothing unusual to cause the arrest of the speaker. The crowd was very orderly. The chairman who introduced the speaker was not molested. After he made a few remarks, Miss Flynn mounted the box, and then the cops showed up. She said that the organization was willing to make a fight for free speech, and that it would book no orders from Baldwin's on that score.

Just then a big, burly cop stepped up on each side of the speaker, and placed her under arrest. The crowd hooted and jeered, and expressed its feelings in no uncertain terms.

Baldwins Fear Organization.

The heads of the Baldwin concern are in deadly fear that the workers of that firm will organize, and that is the reason behind the outrageous arrest of Miss Flynn.

The magistrate practically intimidated this. When told what the organizer's salary was, he sneered, and asked her if dues and initiation were charged by the union. When he was informed that they were, he said, "it looks like a money-making scheme—not a benefit for the workers."

It was learned after Miss Flynn's arrest that a patrol wagon was waiting around the corner before the noon whistle blew, with eight or ten policemen ready to make the charge on the lone girl.

In the courtroom one of the ignorant asses on the police force who helped make the arrest testified that the speaker was talking "anarchy," but when Attorney Nelson, for the defendant, asked what he meant by anarchy he proved the density of his ignorance by saying he "didn't know."—"Call."

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It is difficult to free fools from the chains they revere.—Voltaire.

All classes have been insistent on their own rights, and regardless of the interests of their fellow man. Thus the captains of industry have ever stoutly maintained their right to monopolize and control; have ever built up their combinations even against positive human law, but they just as loudly deny the right of the working man to monopolize and control the one commodity he has to sell—his labor—which is his flesh and blood, his very life.—Scott Bennett.

USELESS INFORMATION.

A few members of the I. W. W. as well as others who are sympathizers, are yet writing, stating that the "camp is a bun out, butter is rotten, bunks are lousy," etc., as well as a hundred and one other grievances that will fit the ordinary camp on a railroad or logging camp. Warning men to stay away from this or that camp is but a warning to stay away from the fight, stop trying to organize or educate, and trying to get all I. W. W. men into some camp where conditions are a little better than in some other camp.

One or two good agitators can soon cure the "rotten butter" or the "lousy bunks." There are a score of petty grievances that can be settled right on the job which could never be settled by running away from the place only to go to another which may be a "shade" worse or better. If you wish to quit, FORCE the boss to make you quit for agitating for better conditions. It costs no more to be fired than it does to quit and there is a little honor attached to being fired for being an agitator, at least we think there is. Running away from a job is a poor recommendation that you are an agitator for better conditions. This paper cannot get rid of the lice in your bunk house or get you better butter. If you want us to shut the paper down and come and throw the rotten butter through the window and burn up the lousy bunks, say so and we will be along on the first train. Tell the "Worker" where you are fighting for better conditions and it will all be printed. When you talk about running away from a rotten pound of axle grease, the retreat will not be mentioned. Keep agitating.

COFFIN TRUSTS.

There are many organizations known as labor organizations that are flying under false colors and are being held together with "sick and death benefits." Were these insurance features taken away many organizations known as "unions," would die of their own weight. When a craft union is unable to accomplish anything in the way of better conditions for its members, and dissension is running widespread through the ranks at the apparent impotency of the union to make a successful fight, it is then that the leaders have to act and act quick to save the craft and keep the pie-crad in sight for another period. Something must be done to make the workers believe that there is something yet good in a craft union. There is only one thing to do and that is to start an insurance society and keep the old name of a "labor union," to give the worker back some of his own money when he is sick or dies. This was done at the last convention of the International Shingle Weavers of America. Prior to the convention, the ranks of the weavers were honey-combed with dissension and distrust in craft unionism to accomplish anything in the shape of better conditions. The craft is more impotent today than it was a few months ago and tomorrow it will be more impotent against organized capital than it was yesterday. Sick and death benefits have nothing to do with building up a power against organized capital. Getting a few dollars when a finger is taken off or a coffin when you die will not whip the lumber trust. These are days when the crying need is for one big union of the working class that can and will act together to better the conditions of our class, not a craft. There are a thousand and one secret organizations that will look after the sore finger or the coffin when an accident or death occurs and we are sorry to see so many of the shingle weavers that were imbued with the spirit of solidarity, apparently "laying down" either discouraged or disgusted at a time when the best efforts of every rebel should be right on the "firing line" where the fight is the thickest. Regardless of the schemes and plans of the Youngs, the Fplsoms or any other labor leader with their coffins and their accident benefits, let

us organize and fight for the day when deaths and accidents will be at a minimum. To accomplish anything for the workers we must prepare our army. One big union must be the battle cry. A craft union is about as strong comparatively when fighting organized capital, as an ant is to an elephant.

HELL IN THE SOUTH.

Fullerton, Louisiana, April 10, 1911.

I, _____, IN CONSIDERATION OF THE GULF LUMBER COMPANY FURNISHING ME EMPLOYMENT, STATE THAT I AM NOT AT THIS TIME IDENTIFIED IN ANY WAY WHATSOEVER WITH ANY LABOR ORGANIZATION; AND FURTHER, THAT I WILL NOT INTEREST MYSELF IN, NOR LEND ANY ENCOURAGEMENT TO, NOR BECOME IDENTIFIED WITH ANY ORGANIZATION OF LABOR DURING THE TIME THAT I AM EMPLOYED BY THE ABOVE MENTIONED COMPANY. (Signed) _____

Witness: _____
 Every man that goes to work in the woods in the Southern States, such as Louisiana and adjoining states, is required to sign this badge of slavery and be content for ever more with the dear boss, who is organized in what is known as the Southern Lumbermen's Association. It is a trust, and a trust is an organization of parasites, organized to sell the lumber in the dearest market and buy slaves in the cheapest. It is the very essence of the class struggle, and the slave that cannot see through it like looking through a sieve is too dense to even roll logs around for the master class, so we will not be bothered with the brainless.

There is no need to talk about constitutions and all the old-time stock rot about the constitution guaranteeing life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to every individual. When this bunc was written, the Southern states was a living mass of chattel slaves, and now it is a mass of free slaves. Freedom that implies the cruel lash of the taskmaster and the whip of starvation ever over the heads of the workers if they refuse to submit to the will and dictates of a cruel lot of blood-thirsty monsters who own the woods and who would put a meter on our throats and charge us for the air we breathe if they had an invention that would work. We don't give a tinker's damn about how the Creator created us or whether he created us to be free or anything else pertaining to it. What we know now is that the Lumber trust is going to do everything in their POWER to smash the Industrial Union of Lumber Workers in Louisiana and her sister states. This is no time for platitudes or guff, but it's a case of getting men to sign these infamous documents and go to work and use every weapon known to the working class in this great struggle for liberty. The boss has thrown down the gauntlet and is itching for the fight. There are as good a bunch of men on the job in the lumbermen's locals in the South as can be found in a day's march anywhere. The boss has had the officers of the union arrested for embezzlement, they have tried to bribe them, and now they are doing what is their last weapon when all the insidious ones have failed, and that is to openly fight. Are we equal to the task? We have the agitators; we have the workers with the brains; we understand the use of the weapons that have ruined the master class in France; we have the literature that can wise up any slave that does not revere his chains and who is not wedded for life to a dirty parasite; we have the best speakers in America, and there is no reason why a growing rebel organization should be smashed in its infancy just to satisfy the greedy desires of a lot of fat, lay stiff's that wish to live from the product of some one else's toil. An intelligent dog will try to fight the lice from off its back, and a man that will not rally to the fight the boys of the union are putting up in the South does not deserve to be classed with a human being. WE HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT OUR CHAINS. It's the boss that has everything to lose in this fight; it is the boss that is itching for our very life's blood, so let us give him the battle of his life and keep fighting him till we have the RIGHT to go on and on with our work of education and organization. The "Worker" will fight with the Southern lumberjacks. The Union in the South is growing by leaps and bounds. The men there are for the EIGHT HOUR DAY. The fight must be won and the boss whipped to a frazzle. It's the class struggle. We are not blaming the boss for robbing us, but we are blaming the slaves for allowing it. A capitalist is like a hog that eats all it can and then wallows in the rest. Let us cut down his feed.

JUST FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Fellow Worker A. Crawford, editor of the "Voice of Labor," printed in Johannesburg, South Africa, is touring the world for the purpose of studying labor conditions. He is at present touring America, and wherever he has been heard, he has given the utmost satisfaction to Direct Actionists and Industrialists. Fellow Worker Crawford is a staunch defender and worker in the cause of the I. W. W. in South Africa, and he has little faith in the workers getting anything from their masters, except by the power of the ONE BIG UNION of the Industrial field. Fellow Worker Crawford has made a special study of conditions in Australia and New Zealand; the subjects he speaks on, while in America, are: "The Failure of Palliative Legislation in New Zealand," and "How the Australian Labor Party Smash Strikes." This must be very hard medicine for the American politician to stomach, but then they will have to take it whether they like it or not. The I. W. W. secretary in Salt Lake reports a fine and rousing meeting held by Fellow Worker Crawford, and we are sorry that we cannot give his address and route at this time so that other I. W. W. locals could have the benefit of hearing a man that is clear cut and well posted on the progress being made by the workers throughout the world. Fellow Worker Crawford is carrying credentials from the I. W. W. in South Africa and America, and we join with the locals that have already had the pleasure of listening to him, in wishing him a successful trip and one that will redound to the best interest of the workers everywhere.

OUR COUNTRY, EH?

U. S. ARMY EDITOR CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANTI-MILITARY AGITATION.

In the "Industrial Worker" of May 25 we printed an article under the caption of "They enlist to eat" and signed "A Soldier." As the writer of the article referred to an editorial which appeared in the "Army and Navy Register" of April 22, combating the argument against militarism, which has been widely circulated on a "sticker" under the caption of "The Military Ideal" and as the soldier who wrote to us did not send along a copy of the official organ of the murderous institution known as the "army and navy," we wrote to him asking for the publication referred to. It now transpires that the editorial and reproduction of "The Military Ideal" in the "Army and Navy Register" caused so much comment of a favorable nature among the soldiers in favor of the anti-military propaganda, that when our revolutionary fellow worker went to three different "posts" to get the paper, that he had no trouble in finding the papers, but every one of them had "the Military Ideal" as well as the editorial comment by the editor clipped out. However our fellow worker in the army succeeded in locating one intact and we herewith give it to our readers, so that we may all have a chance of reading the result of the teachings of Patriotism, etc as peddled to the rank and file of the army. Listen to the "stuff" the \$14.00 a month slave is given for desert after a meal of embalmed meat or rotten fish:

A Dastardly Act.

"An amusing disclosure of misguided sentiment, unaccountably unfriendly to the Army, is made in the text of certain placards which have lately been posted in conspicuous positions throughout the city of San Diego, Cal. We are in receipt of one of these bulletins and reproduce it with some attempt at its typographical embellishment:

"It is surprising to learn from a correspondent who furnished us with the document that it was read with evident satisfaction by at least some of the people who saw it... The fact that a large number of troops are stationed in the neighborhood of San Diego adds to the significance of this exhibit... It is difficult to understand why a person with sufficient intelligence to compose a vindictive attack of this sort is incapable of patriotic appreciation of the need of national defense... It is equally difficult to understand how people who have any common sense will read a public announcement of such wanton maliciousness with patience. In the literature which the opponents of a military-naval force have produced, there has been nothing quite so hopelessly vicious and rabid as this ignorant and inflammatory diatribe... It might well be expected that such an attack on the military personnel will defeat its avowed purpose largely for the reason that the injustice and wickedness of its terms are too apparent for any other effect than arousing the indignation of the people who believe in THEIR country and who have respect for THEIR government.

There can be no avoidance of the intention of the authors of this diabolical creed to create a lasting prejudice against the military service... It will probably have no such result in any degree observable from the returns of the recruiting office... We prefer to believe there is sufficient faith in the real military ideal to make an effort of this character futile and that if the bulletins exposed in San Diego were read, as is asserted, with eagerness and interest, it is due to the same sort of appreciation which would be manifested for that which was outlandish or outrageous... There must be enough intelligence and patriotism among young men of this country to receive a message of this import with indignation provided they are inclined to take the document with the seriousness desired by those responsible for the infamous and incendiary composition."

The editor who has to handle the editorial department of the "Army and Navy Register" certainly has a hard job on his hands, and although his best attempts are answering the anti-military argument only met with having all his dope cut out by officers of the army, there is no doubt but what he will stick to the job like a leech as will many of the soldiers and for the same purpose as described by the soldier in the "Industrial Worker" and that is to get something to eat.

It's difficult for this editor to see why we can't see the necessity of national defense, and why we should not fight for OUR country and OUR flag, and become imbued with a strong sense of PATRIOTISM. We will answer this gent in a minute by saying, that we have no country to defend and we do not know of an instance where this country has had to be defended since the war of the revolution when the country was taken from King George of England and in that instance there were plenty of volunteers to look after their country without paying them to do so. We have nothing to be patriotic about as we own nothing, yes NOTHING! Not even the job that we have to grind away at every day we can get work from our master. The men that own the country are not doing the fighting. The men that are in the ranks of the federal army are there to GET SOMETHING TO EAT, and not to fight for THEIR country because any soldier with the brains of a gnat, knows that he did not join the army to defend a country but rather to DEFEND HIS STOMACH. These are truths that may be hard for the scissor bill editor to swallow, but the fact that all this matter referring to this question, was cut from this official organ immediately after the papers were delivered at the army posts, is sufficient to inform us that the army is

afraid of the TRUTH being told to the soldiers. Let the capitalists do their own fighting. Let the workers unite on the Industrial field and shorten the hours of labor and keep on shortening them till every slave in the world has a job and the master class as well as the rest of the leeches who preach his doctrine are FORCED to do their share of the work of the nation.

FROM MEADERVILLE, MONT.

I see by the "Industrial Worker" and "Solidarity" that our fellow workers, Preston and Smith, are still in jail at Carson City, Nevada.

They are in jail because Fellow Worker Preston was forced to kill a man in defense of his own life.

Harry Thaw, the millionaire, is in an asylum. He did not kill in self-defense, but as a deliberate and well planned scheme of revenge. But he's crazy. Sure, Mikel He's go the coin. There's a difference.

Just to give a further illustration of how the courts and governors hear their masters' voice I will give you an incident that happened in Butte, Mont., the city of graft and fake.

In December, 1905, Antone Mezzano killed Peter Coello. Both were citizens of the U. S. He was sentenced to 99 years in Deer Lodge Penitentiary. The killing of Coello was as cowardly as it well could be. He was shot in the back without any provocation. Nevertheless he was pardoned in spite of the protests of the parents of Peter Coello.

I wonder if Fellow Workers Preston and Smith could get out if they were to play crazy? I don't think so.

This is just one of the many cases that go to show what there is to the claim that we are all equal before the law in this supposed land of freedom.

Hoping that you can find space for these few lines, I am, yours for the liberation of our fellow workers.

PETER MARCHIANDO.

THE DOG.

(With apologies to "The Raven.")
 Once in a winter, drab and dreary,
 I was rustling, weak and weary
 Rustling hand outs as I tramped from door to door.

And my heart congealed within me,
 In a sour and surly fashion I had never heard before.

For her eyes were cold and stony,
 And with fingers long and bony,
 There she stood, and mutely pointed to the wood pile near the door.

Stood and glared and grimly pointed,
 Lean and lank and double jointed
 'Till my shivering body sprung a leak from every separate pore.

So I tried my best to melt her,
 For I needed food and shelter,
 As I never needed anything in all my life before.

And from within the room
 There was wafted a perfume
 That brought to mind the flesh pots of the feasting days of yore.

Then I swore I'd chew or I,
 Would ascertain the reason why,
 So I called her stingy, mean and other ugly names galore.

But just within the inner,
 Room, where I had smelt the dinner,
 I beheld a savage bulldog which the lamplight glimmered o'er

And the dog came snarling past her,
 Rushing fast and rushing faster,
 Making me regret I'd sassed her, as I lit out with a roar.

And I needed no persuading,
 But kept on promenading
 'Till I couldn't see the wood pile nor the lady at the door.

"Thank the Lord" I breathed at last,
 That now the danger's passed,
 And I heaved a grateful sigh from my bosom's very core;

For we cannot help agreeing,
 When we're pressed for time and fleeing
 From an energetic bulldog, that is thirsting for our gore,

That the livelier we paddle
 And the faster we skidaddle,
 The longer we shall live to grace this world's phantom shore

Ah! I never shall forget
 While my clothes were dripping wet,
 And the sand beneath my feet had ground them sore

How glad I was to find
 That I had left the dog behind
 And would see that dreaded wood pile never, never more.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

"BIRDS OF PREY."

King George gave his first state ball Friday night. The women wore tons of gems and the men strutted in magnificent uniforms. Not 10 people in the whole crowd had ever earned an honest dollar in their lives. They got what they have by being born.—Press.

Up to date J. Pierpont Morgan or Rockefeller has not donated one cent to the "Industrial Worker." This paper must be supported by the workers and the workers alone. No one else will do it. Send in a sub today and help build up a big circulation.

Have you sent for a thousand of them new red stickers? Send to the General Secretary today for 1,000 and stick them up everywhere. It's good propoganda, boys.

Have you sent for a package of those 25c sub cards yet? They are good for 13 weeks, and that may lead to more subs. Get busy everyone. The "Worker" wants to grow.

TRANSLATED NEWS

INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN OF THE SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT.

FANRCE.

The old-age pensions. In all parts of the country the workers show a very strong opposition to the enacting of the new old-age pension bill. They refuse to sign the papers sent to them by the authorities, and in some cases they have burnt them wholesale. The government has extended the period of imposition, but it is not likely to change the situation as in the North and in the South, in the East and West the workers unanimously refuse to accept this present from the politicians, insurance with capitalization of the workers' contributions. In Paris 37,000 inscriptions were received, which means only per cent of those who come under the law; Dijon 6,000 out of 20,000 wage earners filled the papers; at Melun 800 out of 4,000, at Clermont-Ferrand 8,130,000, at Thiers 2 on 20,000, at Epinal 200,800, etc. In some towns, at Auxerre inscriptions have been received at all by the authorities. The labor press demands a complete remodeling of the bill, reducing of age limit of 65 years when the worker is to receive his pension (the present bill is called the old-age pension for the dead), increase of the sum allowed, and abolition of the contribution by the workers. The French labor unions demand the English system of old-age pension, and not the German with obligatory surance.

DENMARK.

A threatening lock-out. The employers of workers have come to an understanding nearly all the branches of industry with the exception of the tinsmiths, whose union is not affiliated to the national organization of unions, the tinsmiths' union having rejected by 472 yeas to 314 the proposal of the Conciliation Bureau the national employers' union has informed the labor unions of all industries that on May 16 a general lock-out will be declared by that date an understanding has not been arrived at. This lock-out would throw 40,000 men out of work.

ENGLAND.

Transport Workers' Organizing.

Our comrades will be interested in knowing that in England there is proceeding a special campaign amongst the Transport Workers. The total number of men engaged in transport work in this country, including those at sea on British ships, in the ports and on the railways, amounts to 750,000. There are 10,000 vessels in the mercantile marine, not counting very small ones, and part of the present agitation to secure a proper manning scale on these vessels. The men demand that on the average three more men should be on each ship, this alone would absorb 30,000 men. On the railways the demand is for a 48-hour working week; if this was done 60,000 more men would be required on the railways. Carmen are working very long hours and if their hours were reduced to 8 a day, another 20,000 carmen could be required.

As evidence that some progress is being made I may mention the port of Bristol; one year ago out of 6,000 portworkers only 1,000 were organized; at the present moment 5,700 are organized and are ready for international action. Unfortunately, at Southampton and Hull organization is very backward and we are now at work to alter this. As showing how machinery for loading and discharging has affected the dockers, I may instance the small boats carrying about 130 tons trading between Southampton and Cherbourg, Honfleur, St. Malo and other French ports. A few years ago each of these boats found employment for 40 dockers for 12 hours, now as the result of the hydraulic gear they require only one-sixth of the amount formerly drawn for the same cargo. There is much more cargo coming to Southampton than ever before, but the working conditions of the dockers are very bad. This we are trying to alter and we are hopeful of getting the co-operation of the French comrades. After the campaign here I go to the north, to Hull to prepare that port for the international movement. All the time I am advocating syndicalist principles and methods.

TOM MANN.

Southampton, May 10, 1911.

A SOCIALIST REVOLUTION IN MEXICO

Our comrades of Los Angeles have launched a manifesto which gives quite another idea of the revolution of Mexico than the bourgeois press of all countries. According to this manifesto it is not a question of replacing the tyrant Diaz by Madero, an ambitious great landowner, but whether communism will triumph, whether the expropriation of the land-owners and industrial capitalists will be carried out in favor of the workers. The real rebellion which imperils Diaz, and affects Mexico from the North to the South, from Lower California to Yucatan, is the work of the "Mexican Liberal Party," which has its provisional headquarters at Los Angeles, 519 1/2 E. Fourth street, and issues its organ, "Renegacion." In spite of its name, this party is really a labor and socialist party. Its aim is not as the Maderists, to replace one man by another, but the restitution to the workers of the vast agricultural tracts of land which form the greater part of Mexico. This party which wants to make the peasants the owners of the land, is supported by all American revolutionary elements. Many comrades of the Industrial Workers of the World (I. W. W.), the revolutionary syndicalist organization of the United States, have enrolled themselves under this banner; sev-

eral have already fallen in the Mexican cause of freedom. "Solidarity," the Pennsylvania organ of the I. W. W., salutes the memory of those who have given their lives, and envies their fate of having died under the "red flag." "The Mexican Liberal Party," says the manifesto, is a labor party which means to employ direct action for the emancipation of the proletariat. "And," it continues, "comrades of all the world answer our appeal before it is too late. Do not wait until the Mexican revolution is crushed and then send useless resolutions which will not resuscitate the dead. Agitate now that the powers should send no armies into Mexico. Remember that the battle-cry of the Mexican Liberals is "LAND AND LIBERTY."

EXPECTING A FAIR TRIAL

CRAFT UNIONISTS TAKE LITTLE INTEREST IN PROTEST MEETINGS—MAY PROTEST AFTER McNAMARA IS HUNG.

Industrial Worker:—The meeting held in the City of Tacoma May 27, 1911, to protest against the kidnaping of the McNamara brothers by the capitalist hirelings, has shown again to the working class the greater need of a better form of organization, the industrial union; it has shown that it is utterly useless to try to wake the craft unions from their eternal sleep, as they did not show any class-consciousness, or class-interest, by attending; they have again shown their cowardice, servility, and yellowness when they did not have the manhood to attend a meeting held in the interest of one of their fellow craft unionists, whom the master class is willing to slay because he was a menace to their material interest, and they hope to crush out all organization through "railroading them." Shame on such a spineless mass of things, unworthy to be called men! They have not as much gumption as their four-legged brother, the mule. Fellow working men Barth, Burns, Gilham, Thompson and Wilson, gave clear and forcible addresses on the class-struggle, the greater need of solidarity, and the urgency of right organization and tactics to free McNamara from the clutches of the vultures who prey on society, and, for the working class, the only useful one in society, to emancipate themselves from wage slavery to industrial freedom.

It was a gratification to the revolutionists to see the harmony of thought and action displayed by those who helped to make the meeting a success and the I. W. W. thanks all who took a part in it.

F. L. RHODA, L. U. 380
Member Joint Committee.

TO "STRIKE" ONE DAY.

Gathering Takes Action and Collects Fund of \$49.44.

By adopting a resolution condemning the action of the officials in the alleged "kidnaping" of John J. and James A. McNamara at Indianapolis and taking them to Los Angeles for trial in connection with the destruction of the Los Angeles Times building, a gathering at Germania hall last night voted to "strike" on the day the trial begins at Los Angeles. There were a number of speakers.

A. H. Barth, socialist candidate for mayor and for commissioner of public safety in the recent recall elections, presided, introducing the speakers, who were Thomas Burns of Tacoma, Ben Wilson of Girard, Kas.; J. P. Thompson of Seattle, and August Gilhouse of Tacoma. All the speakers declared themselves as being members either of the I. W. W. or different branches of the socialist party.

The audience took up a collection to aid in the defense of the McNamaras and raised \$49.44. It was said the "strike" will last only the first day of the trial.—"Tacoma Ledger."

FROM PRINCE RUPERT.

An army of the unemployed are camped along the Skeena River, in shacks, under bridges and wherever they can get shelter of any kind. No chicken stew is on the bill-of-fare. They get the best to eat they can find, which is not very good.

Wages in Prince Rupert are: City work, 45c per hour, eight hours; contractors, 37 1/2c and up; mostly eight hours. Board averages \$1.00 per day.

Wages up the Skeena River are \$2.50 per day and up; 10-hour work day. Board 90c per day. The union sentiment is dominating here. Some of our best members will be on trial in Victoria, B. C., beginning June 5th.

Money is needed for the defense of our fellow workers, who are to be tried in Victoria on the 5th of this month. Send all money for the defense to A. O. Morse, Secretary No. 326, I. W. W., Box 917, Prince Rupert, B. C. A. O. MORSE, Sec. No. 326.

We are not trying to fool the boss out of this eight-hour day, but we intend to organize strong enough to TAKE it. The man that says that eight hours is no better than 10 ought to advocate a 14-hour day. If it's no benefit to the worker to shorten the day, it ought not to matter much if it is lengthened out. Whenever you hear a miserable dog yelping off such stuff as that, just enter him up with the rest of the capitalist stool pigeons on the back cover of your book, where he will be easy to find.

What the Locals are Doing

CRITICIZES LEAFLET.

A pamphlet is being spread over the world bearing the emblem of the I. W. W. and issued by one of the eastern locals; yet this pamphlet—"The General Strike," by Haywood—is the finest example of condensed and concentrated rot that ever came this way. It is bound to do the organization untold harm, being sold as industrial literature, when it's only a political boost and a poor one at that. But let me quote from the work itself. Haywood says in the course of his speech, which the pamphlet is but a verbatim report:

"There is this justification for political action, and that is, to control the forces of the capitalists that they use against us; to be in a position to control the power of government so as to make the work of the army ineffective."

"Who gave this man the authority to justify political action at an I. W. W. meeting, speaking in defense of Buccafiori, when this organization has nothing to do with the ballot? Big Bill ought certainly to know, that if we refuse to haul, feed, clothe and arm the army and navy they will be about as terrible as a mosquito with a toothache. I never heard of voting being necessary to move the army or navy or to stop it.

"He goes on to put his big foot in it: "Now, there isn't any one, Socialist, S. L. P., Industrial Worker or any other working man or woman, no matter what society you belong to, but what believes in the ballot."

Any one knows that this is not true. I know personally many hundreds of working men who do not believe in the ballot bunk; I shall quote one capitalist who sneers at it; this is Redheard in his "Might Is Right." In one place Redheard alludes to the men on election night, in another he mentions that no matter how these men vote, 10 men make the government of the nation, these control regardless of vote; he calls the legal machinery of the state the means of vengeance used against the copper riveted slaves, the beasts of burden, but not against themselves. It's queer that he did not advise the workers to vote to save him from the gallows, or vote instead of striking in Colorado.

Then apparently feeling that he put his foot in too strong, he had to imply that the working class would vote in the shop—thereby satisfying to his own satisfaction the protest which was sure to be made, but it's too raw.

When questions were being asked and some one of the audience pinned him down, Haywood admitted that the I. W. W. had nothing to do with political action, not being affiliated with any party or sect. This, it seems to me, being a contradiction to what he first stated in the speech which was incorrect. He knew it to be untrue or he would not admit that the I. W. W. had nothing to do with politics. Then why did he say that every one in the I. W. W. (words to that effect) believes in the ballot? There is some nigger in the woodpile!

In the opening of the speech Haywood speaks disparagingly of the I. W. W. shoe workers and boasts his own importance in the following words:

"Had I been an ordinary member of the rank and file of a labor organization NO MORE PROMINENT THAN THE SHOE WORKERS of Brooklyn, I would not be here tonight. But it happened that I WAS A PROMINENT OFFICIAL of a labor organization known world wide," etc.

As though the I. W. W. is not known world wide. Such words are unworthy at such an occasion, unworthy of the man in whose defense labor rushed, unworthy to be read by the class conscious members.

This pamphlet is being sold by locals who bought on the strength of Haywood's name and in order to get back the money, are they to gull the new members with such rubbish. This must be stopped before too much harm is done the organization. There is no excuse for such a work being circulated, unless there are some designing persons trying to disrupt it. If that should be true, there ought to be boots enough swung with manly vigor to the posterior bosom of such and put them outside where they belong.

JOSEPH S. BISCAY.

FROM METOLIUS, ORE.

I am working here for the Porter Bros. Construction Company, on a surfacing gang. Wages are only \$2.00 per day for from 10 to 11 hours' work. They will be cut to \$1.75 the 1st of June. The board is simply rotten, not fit for any human being to eat, tainted meat, etc.; charge \$5.25 per week for board and 10 cents per day for hospital for the first ten days, which is an outrageous graft, as there is no such a thing as a hospital. As far as slave drivers are concerned, they are first-class, standing looking down a man's collar all day. I would advise all workers to keep away from this layout. The company has a reading car for the accommodation of the slaves, which is furnished by the Y. M. C. A. (grafters); of course it is a fine thing to have. The man who has charge of it is a sky pilot. Fancy preaching such rot to the slaves to try and keep them in submission and ignorance. Oh! what a fine system. Workingmen, wake up and overthrow this damnable system. Keep away from this job as it is absolutely no good. A good place for a bunch of scissorbills who love their master and Jesus. I am not an I. W. W., but certainly intend to become one, as it is the only organization for a working man. Yours for freedom,

J. W. HOFFMAN,
Portland, Ore., 206 Couch Street.

A NEW LOCAL.

On Sunday, May 28, Fellow Worker Thompson was invited to address a mass meeting to protest against the kidnaping of our Fellow Workers, the McNamara brothers at Snohomish, Wash. The meeting was under the auspices of Local No. 3, Shingle Weavers Union, and was well attended. President Folsom of the International Shingle Weavers Union, was present and spoke for a short time, and then was followed by Fellow Worker Thompson, who was the main speaker. The following resolutions were adopted and copies were ordered to be sent to G. E. B. of the A. F. of L. and also to International Shingle Weavers' Union:

Whereas, Our Fellow Workers John J. and James McNamara have been kidnaped, and Whereas, In the case of these fellow workers, the master class have seen fit to suspend all so-called rights; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we wage workers of Snohomish, Wash., in mass meeting assembled, endorse the idea of a general strike on the day the trial starts; and be it further

Resolved, That we call upon all wage workers to hold meetings and prepare to answer the challenge of the master class by a general suspension of work on that day.

After the meeting was over I initiated a few members into local 432 before they decided to ask for a charter in the I. W. W. and before we left sufficient names were secured to send for the charter, but it was decided before sending to headquarters to send up the application list to several of the camps around Snohomish for more signatures and there is no doubt that a good and live local will be started before many days in Snohomish.

Local Union No. 3 paid all the expenses of the organizer and are helping in every way possible to make the new local a success.

Fellow Worker A. Rayner was elected Secretary pro tem. Yours for Industrial Freedom, J. H. REYNOLDS, Financial Secretary No. 432.

P. S.—We have taken in more members this month than any one month in the last 1 1/2 years. J. H. R.

FROM EUREKA, CAL.

All Live Wires Take Notice.

Local No. 431, I. W. W., wants an organizer, Italian if possible, but an English speaking organizer can do good here.

There is plenty of work in Humboldt county. Any members who are willing to act as camp delegates can find plenty of work here in Humboldt, for the organization. The I. W. W. is the only organization in this part of the world that is doing anything. The A. F. of L. has a membership of about 100 here in Eureka and there is a good chance for the I. W. W. right here in the city. Any one wishing to come in here can address the Secretary, Box 499. Come on you "live wires."

Yours for the I. W. W.
JOHN MURDOCK.

THE DOCTRINE OF CONTENTMENT.

"Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything. * * * As everything is, so it has to be in this world, and, however it may be, should always seem good to the mind of the creature."—From Emperor William's Maxims.

This is the doctrine of content preached by the "God-anointed" ruler of Germany. Be content with things as they are. Don't kick. Don't try to change things. If you live in a swamp that is yellow with malaria, consider swamp and malaria by "divine appointment." Don't try to get rid of the fever bug. It's good for you. If you can't see the good in it, it is because your heart is wrong. Ask God for humility, patience, for anything but for common sense. The swamp has always been there, so, of course, it will always have to remain. So with kings and poverty. There always have been kings and lords and masters, and there always have been poor people, underlings and slaves. It must continue to be so forever. Provided the doctrine of contentment and humility, so earnestly preached by emperors, landlords and bankers displaces the sturdy spirit of discontent and progress characteristic of the western peoples and debases the Colonies, Europe and America to the mystic pessimism of India. Discontent with undesirable conditions is a sign of virility and is the first step of progress.—"Social Democrat," New South Wales.

MORE FAKIRS.

A little old bald-headed gentleman, that was once a tin horn lawyer, used to go about the country telling the workers that they only received one-fifth of the product of their toil, and as they gained strength on the Industrial Field they would TAKE two-fifths of the product of their toil, and as they gained in POWER they would take three-fifths, which would leave the boss two-fifths, etc. As the workers gained more strength, he said, we would take five-fifths of the product of our toil and would then lock out the boss and FORCE him to work for his daily bread. All this was explained with uplifted hand and the closing of an extra finger as the boss was gradually getting whipped. We believed it then and we believe it yet, but the funny part of the thing is, that the I. W. W. is growing and it must be torn asunder some old way, so the henchmen of this little old codger are now saying that eight hour work days are only REFORMS and are of no benefit to the workers. As this kind of reasoning can be of no service to anyone but the boss, we charge these students of economy with being a bit lower than Burns of the Burns detective agency. Who ever heard the little old codger make this speech?

BOOSTER'S BRIGADE

Peter Peterson of Seattle sends in \$2.20 to the Secretary of the Spokane locals, with instructions to divide the money equally between the "Worker" and "Solidarity."

W. Kidwell sends in 70c as a donation to the "Worker" from Tacoma.

B. Shockford sends in \$2.50 for subs from Everett, Wash. Good for Everett.

I. Nelson of Vancouver, B. C., sends in \$3.00 for subs. Looks good.

Hank Larson sends in \$1.50 for subs from Belvidere, Ill. Old Hank is still on the job. Can't keep the old man down.

Geo. A. Wise sends in \$15.00 for prepaid sub cards and \$35.00 to the local for song books. George is off for the harvest fields, so look out for smoke.

SOME LITERATURE.

The Headquarters of the I. W. W. has the following literature on hand at the "Industrial Worker" office in Spokane:

225—"Why Strikes Are Lost," by Wm. E. Trautmann.

250—"From Capitalism to the Industrial Commonwealth," by Debs. Epitomized by Wm. E. Trautmann.

This literature will be forwarded to any address in the United States or Canada, either in whole or any portion desired, on receipt of the usual price. "Why Strikes Are Lost," 2 1/2 cts. per copy. "From Capitalism to the Industrial Commonwealth," 5c per copy.

Send orders to "Industrial Worker," Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

LETTER FROM A SOUTHERN LUMBER-JACK.

Fullerton, La., May 22, 1911.

Editor "Industrial Worker," Spokane, Wash.

Fellow Worker: Enclosed you will find clippings from our home paper, or the official paper of our parish. It will explain some of the tyranny in the South. This hellish contract is not only presented by the Gulf Lumber Company, but by all companies in the Southern Association, called the Lumbermen's Association. They don't believe in unions, but what would you call this but the strongest and most heartless that money and brains can conceive. Now we, the toilers of the earth, have as good brains as the tyrannical labor crushers, and it should be much better, as they have not become defiled and poisoned with the unlawful blood money that the trust leaders feed their dogs so that they may become more severe.

We are making union men here by the score and with the hearty co-operation of the "Worker" we hope to be with you on May 1st, 1912, and long may the flowers bloom o'er the graves of any workers who give their lives for liberty. Yours for Freedom.

"ONE BIG UNION" THE CRY.

Workers of America, if you would save the life of John J. McNamara and his brother union men, you must act and act quickly. If you would protect yourselves from the acts of terror perpetrated by the private detectives, criminals and thugs of the ruling class, speak now or forever hold your peace. You can compel those responsible for the kidnaping of the iron workers to comply with the law of the land. It is within your power to make the authorities proceed in accord with the rules they themselves have made. A general strike of all workers is the means to be applied. The complete suspension of all production on the day the trial begins will be a wholesome lesson and one that the capitalist class will never forget.

If the agitation for a general strike is vigorously carried on, the iron workers will be returned to their homes and their constitutional rights preserved.

This outrage of capitalism is bringing together the man on the girder in the sky and the man in the dark recesses of the earth. From the prison cells in Los Angeles, from Preston and Smith in the penitentiary of Nevada, from Cochran and the other victimized seamen of Buffalo, from Buccafiori in Brooklyn, comes the mighty cry for "one big union." One big union can and will, if necessary, protect the lives of the working people, stop the mills of injustice by stopping the wheels of industry in every mine, in every factory, and on every building and every railroad in the land.—Wm. D. Haywood in Int. Soc. Review.

HAYWOOD'S MEETING.

William D. Haywood will speak in the Princess Rink, Spokane, Wash., Sunday evening, June 25th, at 8 p. m. Every rebel in and around Spokane is urged to take an interest in this meeting and make it a success both from a union and financial standpoint. The speech will be clear-cut and to the point and will do much to enlighten the pure and simple to his economic interest and the way to freedom. Everyone come. Remember the time, place and date. Everybody come.

NEW SECRETARY.

Local No. 431, I. W. W., of Eureka, Cal., has elected a new secretary. The name of the Secretary now is A. Fischen Address Box 499, Eureka, Cal.

To Help Us Grow

For Three Dollars Four Sub Cards

If you are interested in spreading the propaganda of Industrial Unionism; if you wish to see The Industrial Worker grow; purchase four yearly subscription cards for three dollars. If you are not a subscriber, sell three of the cards at a dollar apiece, and you will have your own subscription free. If you are already a subscriber, sell the four cards, which will net you one dollar, or 25 per cent commission.

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10c each, \$5.00 per hundred, \$35.00 per thousand.

Cash must accompany all orders. R. Brazier, Sec. Joint Locals, 518, Main Ave. (rear), Spokane, Wash.

INDUSTRIAL UNION LEAFLETS.

"Two Kinds of Unionism," by Edward Hammond.

"Union Scabs and Others," by Oscar Ameringer.

"Getting Recognition," by A. M. Stirton.

4 page leaflet, 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.

"Eleven Blind Leaders," by B. H. Williams.

32 page pamphlet. Price, 5c.

Pamphlets in Foreign Languages—"Why Strikes Are Lost," by W. E. Trautmann, in Lithuanian. Price, 10 cents a copy; 25 per cent off on orders of 100 or more. In Italian—"Report of the I. W. W. to Paris International Congress."

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Address all correspondence to Pierre Monatte, Editor, 98 Quai Jemmapes, Paris.

HOW POLITICALISM WORKS IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page One.)

procession filed through the entrance. After all the Socialist archbishops, dukes, members of the Reichstag, general commission, etc., had passed, I said to myself, I'll make a break, join the procession and thus get into the cemetery. Vain hope. As soon as all the tin gods had passed in, the gates were shut and the whole bunch, lumpen and all, were left out in the cold (or rather heat) 150 yards from the entrance. I cursed a little and then decided to get in and see the solemnities. I managed to get into the street, but was immediately grabbed by a half dozen of the Socialist scab cops and informed that the street was "ausgesperrt" (closed). This didn't look good to me and I started to argue the point (in my class German) and by shoving and scrambling I finally worked through them, to the horrification of the more obedient slaves. I pictured to myself what would have been my fate, however, if these Socialist cops had had a little authority and clubs to back it up with.

As the cemetery gates were shut, I started on a skirmish and finally found a hole in the fence and got into the sacred territory. Once inside, to penetrate to the grave was about as difficult as breaking into the harem of the Shah of Persia: There were plug hat guards at every pathway, but by half a fight I finally took up a position close to the newly opened grave. The ceremonies were simple and consisted chiefly in good music and singing. After they were finished and the big guns had fired away, the vast mass of rank and file were allowed to pass by the grave. The public was also admitted, but was kept shoved off in side paths in a manner that would do credit to the immigrant herders in New York. By no means was it allowed to mingle with the procession. In all my experience I have never seen such a narrow hide-bound, so-called working class demonstration. It seemed very illustrative of the tactics which the S. D. would put into practice in the very unlikely event of its coming into power.

This humiliating spectacle of the Social Democrats—which is dictating the policy of the international revolutionary labor movement—voluntarily policing its own demonstration while the Tiergarten and various barracks in Berlin were full of lolling and strolling soldiers to whom the job properly belonged, may surprise American Socialists, who still retain a degree of the genuine proletarian hatred towards police and soldiers. It is only the inevitable result of Socialist tactics, however. The German workers in the S. D. are imbued with the idea that they will win their emancipation by laws and other legal methods. Implicit obedience to laws of all kinds, therefore, is one of its cardinal principles. If laws are had they must nevertheless obey them until they can make better ones. If they disobey the capitalist laws, the whole theory of law-making will fall into disrepute and the good Socialist laws of the future will have no prestige, etc., etc. From such puerile reasoning as this—which is a natural consequence of the Socialist law making program—originates the great solicitude for the preservation of capitalist law and order, and the wholesale scabbing on the police force and army that accompanied this demonstration.

I look back with regret to some of the demonstrations I attended in Paris, where the revolutionists are filled with a proper hatred of police, soldiers, etc. No C. G. T. policemen there to keep the slaves from walking on the capitalistic grass. If the masters wish their property protected or their sacred principles of law and order upheld, it's up to them to take the necessary precautions. That's what they have their army and police force for. They can't shove the job off on to the Syndicalists. These outlaws know no other relations to capitalist institutions than those based on force and are liable to go on a rampage at any time if their masters are foolish enough to allow them to bunch up without giving them the usual very generous soldier and police "protection."

Let this true spirit of revolt once penetrate the conservative German movement and the beginning of the end of capitalism will have been reached. The world wide baneful influence of Socialist politicians on the labor movement will be broken; the embargo against an international working class organization will be lifted and the world's working class will be permitted to organize. Owing to the highly centralized nature of the German unions, their iron clad discipline and utter subjugation to the political idea, unfortunately it will take little short of a social cataclysm to bring this change about. Meanwhile the world will be entertained by such exhibitions of Socialist law and order, strike-breaking and the general betraying of working class interests which are the natural products of this Socialist attempt to create a new society by patching up the old one.

Yours for a revolutionary movement,
W. Z. FOSTER.
*A few months ago the funeral of Paul Singer, the well known Social Democrat leader, was made the occasion for the biggest demonstration Berlin has ever seen. In a private letter to Pierre Monatte, editor of "La Vie Ouvriere" of Paris, I described this affair. Monatte published the letter and a few weeks later also an indignant protest from a Socialist who was "astounded" at my criticism. The protest really came right from the top of the German labor movement. One can't criticize the German movement with impunity. Run-

ning the risk of rousing the ire of the "Soc. Dem. Herald" or some other "revolutionary" American, I will give the Industrial Worker and Solidarity readers an idea of some of the principal features of this latest demonstration.

MAY DAY IN GERMANY—POLITICIANS TRY TO "KNIFE" THE FIRST OF MAY HOLIDAY.

May Day in a large European city. What a prospect for an American revolutionist who for years has been fed on stories of working class deeds of prowess performed on this day of all days in the year. Although somewhat blasé and sophisticated, I'll confess that I awaited the approach of this day with more than ordinary interest. When it finally arrived I got me up early in the morning and hurried out into the streets in order to take a look at the limping capitalism, lamed by the desertion of thousands of its most necessary slaves on this festive day of labor. But what a disappointment, everything seemed as usual; the trolley cars were running with matter of fact regularity; the young boy street sweepers were dodging about amongst the ordinary volume of traffic, etc., etc. Everything wore its ordinary aspect, whereas I had expected to find the city's life metamorphosed from its usual humdrum aspect into a day of celebration, the streets full of soldiers, etc. Another idol destroyed.

The May Day celebration in Berlin is a thing hated by those who should do the most to uphold and develop it; namely, the Socialist labor leaders. At best they only suffer it to exist because they can't suddenly abolish it without running the risk of incurring disastrous consequences to themselves inflicted by aroused and incensed workers to whom May Day is yet full of meaning. They hate it because it is a constant menace to the success of their social peace schemes; to their tying the working class hands and feet with contracts; to the perpetuation of the political lie that the working class on the economic field is powerless before the modern capitalistic organization, that it must win its emancipation on the political field. These political leaders know that the May Day celebration may any year provoke an industrial war which would scatter their beloved contracts and political organization to the four winds, which would give the working class an inkling to the vast power it possesses on the economic field and introduce the dreaded idea of the general strike and direct action tactics into Germany.

They freely admit that the idea of the general strike and that of the conquest of the political powers are incompatible. The workers can have but one or the other as their ultimate goal. The furthering of the political action idea demands as far as possible economic peace between employers and workers. If there must be war between them it must be limited to as small compass as possible. All tendencies of vast masses of workers to strike together, especially along lines of general strikes, must be repressed else the workers will get an inkling of their economic power and neglect the political action. The May Day semi-general strike celebration thus forms a constant danger to the political action movement and receives but scant courtesy from its leaders, who are likewise the leaders of the unions.

For years these men have single-handedly "knifed" the May Day celebration, until now it is only a skeleton of its former self. This they have done by "throwing cold water" on the celebration, making it difficult for the locked out workers to get strike benefits (the employers usually lock out employees who take May Day off), excusing certain categories of "indispensable" workers, etc. They are now nursing a proposition to have May Day celebrated on the first Sunday in May. It wouldn't be surprising if this plan were shortly inflicted on the international movement. Thus two birds would be killed with one stone; the sacred contracts would remain clear of danger and all fear of a general strike or lockout with the dangerous consequences to the political movement would be averted.

The form of the celebration here is very characteristic of the efforts of these leaders to keep the workers from acting in concert or developing any enthusiasm. Each union holds its own celebration; no general demonstration, as at Paris, for instance, is attempted. The Socialists are too law and orderly to break the anti-demonstration laws. At least that is what they say, though the real reason is that they fear to bring about trouble that might lead to a general strike. I attended the largest of these meetings, that of the "Woodworkers' Union." It was well attended, possibly 15,000 workers were present.

The affair was of the ordinary German type, lots of beer, good singing by male choir, police on platform, a "vote 'em out" talk, etc.

Whilst we were thus celebrating with all due decorum, the French workers were having a real celebration. In Paris the police emperor, Lepine, forbade the proposed demonstration, but the lawless Syndicalists held it in spite of him. In the resulting collisions between the police and soldiers and workers, there were over a hundred wounded. "Vorwärts," the central organ of the S. D. party, gave the Paris demonstration about 20 lines of its valuable space. Some Bourgeois papers gave it a full column. Such suppression of working class news is only one of the hundreds of means of keeping the German workers from getting the solidarity idea into their minds. Besides anything that smacks of Syndicalism is strictly tabooed by the Social Democratic leaders.

W. Z. FOSTER.

THE STRUGGLE IN SOUTH

UNION TIMBER WORKERS ISSUE STATEMENT OF CONDITIONS IN SOUTH.

Down in the piney woods of Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi there exists today the foulest working conditions the country has ever seen.

From 5:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. our men and women toil for a mere existence. Thousands of them exist only while some few of them, of course, live. Those few should stop and ask themselves, "how can those poor fellows live on \$1.50 per day, and pay the outrageous prices they do in these commissaries (grab all) or their doctor bills, hospital fee and insurance." How can they and support a family? They can not live, they only exist.

For those poor fellows, our heart should go out, if not for the men themselves, we should feel for their families. Those dear ones whom God has blessed them with, were conditions as they should be (as it is he has cursed them with them) are the ones who feel the blunt, and for these dear mothers and children our cause is built; and as sure as the sun rises tomorrow we will free them.

And the employer sees and realizes full well that if we are allowed to go on, we will at the proper time ask him for our rights and get them. It hurts him to feel his hold on our throats slipping, therefore he has tried, as you all know, a scheme to break us, as one of them said, WHILE WE ARE YOUNG AND TENDER. You are all familiar with the scheme run by the mill men. Now ask yourself this question, "Why don't they want our men and boys to join the union?" This is the answer: They fear us organized. They know we will stop their different forms of abuse. Have them either give us justice or nothing. Take their commissaries for one abuse. Why don't they allow other stores in their towns? Because they can't stand competition, and could not get all you make back through that channel.

They know the good of unions for they themselves are organized. They also know that if they can keep us where we are they are sure of their prey; otherwise it may get away.

We have been fools this long and they have profited by it, and know they will in the future. But let us wake up once and they know we will divide profits with them.

For the past three years these conditions have been getting worse, until at the present I defy any man who works for saw mills to show where he is a free man. Of course there are a few exceptions.

Why, men, do we allow them to say where we trade, where we eat, and where we sleep? Liberty! You haven't any, only to work or starve. Free speech, free press and free assemblage, the constitution of our country provide, but the sawmill law is different.

Why do we allow them to execute laws that never were made by any body of men (except themselves)? Why should we allow them to take from us that which is our right and not do or say one thing against it? As long as we do not protest they will keep it up, and I don't blame them one bit. They ought to, if we great big huskies are cowards (or fools) enough to let them go on. I hope they will go faster and harder than they ever have before.

The present fight is on against us by our employers. We must cut with him and we will if only things keep coming as it is. Things are booming every day, and I believe will continue so. Time is all we want to win, for the people are wide awake and only waiting for the call, which will come when we are ready. If they should strike on us, then we will organize while they are striking and be ready for them when they start again with a full crew of union men.

The harvest is near and a good many of you fellows can go there, some to the cotton fields, others go fishing. Some of you can fish longer than some of them can shoot doves. Let's learn the lesson that we can live without them, but they can not run without us. When you come to the conclusion that they are dependent upon you and not you upon them, then you will be able to see the right way. They are causing all the "sand," not us. We don't want anything right now, but to ORGANIZE, and we are going to do that anyway, no matter what they do. We are ready to make peace with them any day they say we can organize. Until then they can war all they want to and we will stand back and laugh at them for wasting their ammunition. They will need it later, and will have it all used up. Then what will they do? I can tell you what they are doing now; they are punishing lots of innocent people and driving them to our union. Let them kick; we don't mind it. We know there is no law to keep us from organizing and are going right ahead with our work.

We haven't over fifty union men out of work now, and they could be working if they wanted to. So you see we are not hurt.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF TIMBER WORKERS.

Hammer away for the eight-hour day. Remember it cannot be taken from the boss until we are organized strong enough to do so. The fact that the master class is bitterly opposed to us having a shorter work day is argument enough that it is good for us.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Industrial Worker

VICTORY?

(By L. A. Malkiel.)

Labor won a great victory, and, Pyrrhus, Labor can say: "One more victory and I am lost."

For, while the officials of the American Federation of Labor were discharged, the court expressly affirmed the principle that freedom of speech is no longer sacred against the slaughter of capitalism, and that was the issue in the case.

To a close student of events the outcome by no means surprising. It has ever been thus: Whoever wished to attain anything must fight for it.

This is as true of classes and nations as it is of individuals. The lower courts have committed the serious error of treating a contempt as criminal. The officials of the federation committed the still more serious error of not meeting the issue squarely and courageously. The trouble is that they followed the advice of lawyers and tried to get around the court's injunction.

Now while it is permissible for capitalists to evade the law by a subterfuge it is a crime for labor to do so.

When the injunction was issued forbidding the federation to publish the "We Don't Patronize List" it discontinued it, but tried further the boycott indirectly. The court held that the officers of the federation were trying to evade the decision, and the court was right. They violated the injunction in spirit. They were caught in their own net and could not even claim the credit of martyrdom for it was involuntary.

What the federation officials should have done was to continue to publish the "We Don't Patronize" ad and openly defy the injunction setting up the claim that the Constitution above the courts.

They would at least have earned the respect of their opponents. And their very courage would have resulted in a different decision. For who doubts that, if labor had openly declared that it would not submit to the usurpation of its rights by the courts and the rank and file of the federation openly avowed its readiness to go to jail rather than abandon the rights guaranteed under the Constitution, the court would have backed down and proclaimed the principle that freedom of speech is not to be curtailed.

For you cannot put a whole nation in jail. A concrete example was furnished by our comrades in Spokane and elsewhere in the fight for free speech. They went to jail and were clubbed, but they won their fight. The federation might well take a leaf out of the book. Cowardice never won a battle yet. "Chicago Socialist."

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM AND ITS COWARDLY FOES.

We question whether the principles of socialism were ever more misrepresented and maligned by its foes than have been the principles of Industrial Unionism by men who are wedded—for various reasons—to Sectional Unionism and who usually occupy prominent positions in Craft Unions. Just why Industrial Unionism should have been subjected to this form of attack we need not at present very closely inquire. It is certainly significant, however, that whenever the rank and file have an opportunity of hearing the principles of the New Unionism expounded their acceptance of them is at once enthusiastic and complete. There can be little doubt that this fact largely accounts for the quite remarkable aversion shown by the detractors of Industrial Unionism to participate in debates. They have far less faith in public disputation as a means of retarding the growth of Industrialism than they have in utilizing the capitalist press that never ready to bless their reactionary work, and pour scorn upon a form of unionism that seriously threatens a system they so zealously defend. Apart from the manifest unfairness of such tactics there is another aspect of the question well worthy of a moment's consideration. It is this—If sectional unionism plus conciliation and arbitration act is the best means of bettering the condition of the workers, what a splendid opportunity is afforded by a public debate of placing this fact before a working class audience! Likewise, if the Industrial Unionists are "anarchists," "wreckers," and what not, surely a public discussion would do much to prevent the further successful propagation of their obnoxious principles! But no! All offers on the part of industrialists to debate are disdainfully put aside, and the most dishonest methods are resorted to in order that the New Unionism shall be, if possible, quite discredited. Doubtless these tactics will prove as successful as they are contemptible—for a time. But not for long. For, despite the despicable methods adopted by its foes, the principles of Industrial Unionism find increasing favor in the eyes of the workers and the fact that the only industrial organization of the workers in New Zealand worthy of the name that the labor-licutenants of the capitalist class are trying to disrupt—the New Zealand Federation of Labor—should have affirmed the principles of Industrial Unionism is, indeed, significant. Despite all jeers and sneers—despite all bitter cries of hatred—we shall yet have One Big Union for the Workers! One class conscious economic organization, created to fight and not to crawl! One Army of the Working Class more interested in the abolition of Capitalism than the creation of Politicians. Despite all, these ideas shall triumph! Speed the day!—Social Democrat, Australia.